

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER AND EASTERN CHRONICLE.

"Were once these maxims fix'd,—that God's our friend, Virtue our good, and happiness our end, How soon must reason o'er the world prevail, And error, fraud and superstition fall."

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CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

A TALE.

THE HUMANE PHILANTHROPIST.

[Concluded.]

Egypt, at this time, was in the summit of her glory, and stood unrivalled for learning and wisdom. Knowledge and science; and thither the Philosophers, Astronomers, and men of erudition often resorted from all countries, to complete their education, and consummate their discoveries.

Esculapius was an old, experienced Professor in the medical school at Alexandria; and had become highly distinguished for his successful practice in the healing art. And though his mental faculties and powers retained their native vigor, yet his days of physical exertion were over. His eyes grew dim in their sockets—his head frosted with age—strength departed from his limbs and agility from his feet. From early life he had been characterized for deeds of generosity, humanity, and kindness. Benevolence presided over all his affections, and commiseration often melted him to tears. As soon as the sad and distressing news from the island of Hogolen reached his ears, the tender sensibilities of his nature awakened in his bosom the pure principles of philanthropy; and his heart bled within him, to secure the emancipation of the unhappy sufferers. But what means should he pursue? What measures adopt for accomplishing so desirable a purpose? Though acquainted with their wants, and supplied with the restorative requisite for removing the dreadful disease; yet how should he tender relief? He could not endure the dangers, difficulties, privations, and fatigue attendant on such a journey himself; and whom could he appoint to the important embassy, of conveying the sovereign remedy to this suffering people? Whom could he entrust with the administration thereof? Who was sufficient for these things?

Esculapius had a son. On him was impressed his father's image, and so great a resemblance of character subsisted between them, it was often remarked, 'the father was manifest in the son.' The aged Physician called to him, his well-beloved child; and in all the pathetic strains of ancient eloquence, portrayed to him the wretched condition of the people of Hogolen. 'But,' says he, 'I have in my possession, a sovereign antidote—a salutary remedy,—as soon as it is properly applied, it will restore to health and soundness. Circumstances however forbid, that I should attempt in *propria persona* their deliverance from this dire calamity;—and what shall I do? My son! if your regard for their interests your solicitude for their welfare, and your love for mankind be sufficient, to prompt you to volunteer your services in this high and responsible vocation, then fly quickly to their relief, and secure their salvation.'

Esculapius, distinguished for his clemency and goodness, was seen to let fall the tear of pity, while his father in anxious, feeling accents, related the tale of woe. But when he spoke of redemption through his instrumentality, his eyes sparkled with animation—a gleam of hope broke through the shades of gloom that hung around his brow—his countenance lighted up with a smile—his bosom heaved with the liveliest emotions—and his whole soul was filled with delightful ecstasy. He bowed; and with holy rapture exclaimed, 'I rejoice to do thy will.'

'But,' says the tender father, embracing him in his arms, 'before you go hence, it is necessary for me, to reveal to you the whole truth, relative to the various circumstances attending so hazardous an enterprise; that you may reckon the cost, and see whether you are able to finish it.' Should you go on this embassy, I foresee that your fame will spread far and wide, and that some of the nations, attached to your interests, will endeavor to confer on you the highest honors and gifts of a nation's trust.'

'This mark of distinction, and public acknowledgement of gratitude, will excite the envy and jealousy of the Physicians already there; and through malice, hatred and wrath, they will plot your ruin. By misrepresentation and abuse—by impugning your motives, and falsifying your words and actions, they will succeed in prejudicing a misguided populace against you; and eventually you will fall a victim to their selfishness and lawless ambition. Now, if you feel disposed to forfeit your own life, and sacrifice all that is sacred and dear, for the purpose of rescuing them from the jaws of death and despair, then haste away on the golden wings of love, and save them from ruin. My maternal affections for you are without a parallel. You are my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased—the object of all my hopes—the stay and staff of my declining years; Yet, such is my sympathy, and solicitude for the inhabitants of Hogolen, I am willing to forego the pleasures of your society; and to offer you as a sacrifice for their redemption from the labyrinth of woe, in which they are engulfed—and if you are disposed to resign yourself into the hands of murderous assassins, who will put you to death, then go on this mission; and may the immortal Gods crown your labors with abundant success.'

The Son was so deeply affected with this burst of parental tenderness and philanthropy, that it overcame his powers of utterance. He gently bowed his head in sign of submission to his father's pleasure; and ejaculated to himself, 'thy will be done.'

Things were put in readiness for his departure. They embraced each other with ardent fondness, and exchanged the salutations of affection and love. The magnanimous youth could not refrain from tears, when he extended the parting hand, to bid an everlasting adieu to his country—friends, and sacred home. The father stood speechless, choked with grief. Esculapius launched out

on the expansive blue waters, and the gentle breeze bearing him along the surface of the great deep, soon wafted him to his place of destination. He quickly perceived what Esculapius had said, relative to Hogolen, was alas! too true. Death, destruction, and melancholy gloom every where prevailed. He applied the *panacea*—it proved efficacious.—The disease was stayed,—the lame leaped and walked as the roe—the sick took up their beds,—and went about, praising their Redeemer,—and joyous hope once more smiled in the countenance of despair.

Faithful to the high trust reposed in him, he traversed the island from cottage to cottage, and from village to village, undergoing every privation; and enduring all kinds of hardships, in order to minister to the wants of suffering humanity. When the chill-damps of evening gathered around his head, he retired not to repose—when the scorching rays of a meridian Sun beat heavily upon him, he sought no shelter—but ever steady to his purpose—he was indefatigable in his laborious toil, until the balmy wings of health were again spread over the land.

Some of the Nations on witnessing his wonderful achievements, were almost inclined to idolize him; and gave glory to the Gods, for having conferred such power on men—others were for placing on his head the royal diadem,—and spreading branches of the palm in his way,—they saluted him King. But being meek and humble in his disposition; and no way disposed to accept of the high honors and distinctions they were pleased to bestow, he honestly confessed, that his apparent magic, or superhuman power was not his own,—that it belonged to, and was received from his father Esculapius; and that 'without him, he could do nothing.' He alleged, that the object of his mission, was merely to execute his father's will; and all he demanded for his services, was the satisfaction of having been instrumental, in securing a *lasting good* to a suffering people.

Who said the cause of innocence oppressed, Is by that act alone supremely blessed; No greater rapture, man on earth can know, Than that of feeling and relieving woe.

The physicians beheld with wonder and astonishment his successful operations; and while they envied, they could but admire. They said one to another, 'that a notable miracle has been wrought, we cannot deny. But if we let him alone, the world will go after him; and we shall sink into disrepute and contempt. Let us away with him, we cannot condescend to have this man to reign over us.'

Accordingly, they entered into a conspiracy for his destruction. They commenced their fell designs by traducing his character, impugning his motives, and disconcerting his plans of operation. They accused him of being an emissary of *Diabolus*, performing his miracles of wonder by incantations, and through the power of evil Genii—alleged he was solicitous to destroy the government and institutions, and censured him of endeavoring to undermine the pillars of their long established religion. And though he protested his innocence; and appealed to his labors of love, as a confirmation of his disinterested benevolence; all was of no avail. The embers of superstition, which had hitherto rested in undisturbed quiet,—the fires of fanaticism and jealousy raged—his adversaries swore eternal vengeance—a religious *mania* was diffused through society, and reason deserting her throne, the people were left to requite the benefactions of Esculapius, with ingratitude and persecution. He saw the gathering storm—the clouds grow blacker, and appeared more sullen—the tempest howled—the hoarse winds roared; and he perceived, that ere long, it would burst on his devoted head; and nothing could avert the fatal disaster. He shuddered at the thought—his heart sunk within him—his agonized soul recoiled on herself, and uttered a hollow groan. He fell on his knees, and lifting up his hands towards heaven, petitioned the Gods 'that this cup might pass.' But, 'recollecting that he received his mission with the understanding, that he should fall a sacrifice in the cause of *humanity*, he quietly submitted to his fate.'

The natives soon discovered their temerity, wickedness and folly, in seconding the purposes of Esculapius' enemies. As their excited zeal gradually wore away, and they were left to reflect more candidly on the subject, they discovered, as did the Athenians, who compelled the worthy Socrates to swallow the poisonous libation, that the evil lay in the accusers, rather, than in the accused. Too late they discovered their mistake—too late they repented their rash indiscretion. They had executed the Friend of *humanity*, and were now left to deplore their misfortune, and weep over their imprudence. Nothing was heard for a long time in the respective cities, where most of his mighty works were performed, save eulogies on his disinterested virtues, and praises of his unblemished character. 'Our beloved Physician! How amiable his disposition—how engaging his person! What benignity of temper—what benevolence of soul ever characterized his conduct! Philanthropy was the ruling principle of his heart; and his life was devoted to the interests of his species. He freely gave himself away, that we might live! Though he were rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich. He bore our sicknesses, and by his stripes we were healed; and how we requited his love? We have taken, and wickedly slung our great Deliverer! O, may the Gods forgive us!'

Posterity in after ages enrolled the name of Esculapius in the list of their Deities; and with the greatest degree of propriety, worshipped him as a God. For history informs us he was truly and properly Divine.

While Esculapius was on his embassy at Hogolen he declared 'that he was in the father, and the father in him'—a mode of expression, by which he represented, that he was officiating in the capacity of his father; and that his operations clearly developed the power and skill of Esculapius. In after

times, this sentiment was construed to imply, that Esculapius and his Son were one in essence and person; and hence the idea was engendered, that a mysterious union subsisted between them, which constituted Esculapius one of the persons in the Godhead.

His disciples who endeavored to sustain his character, and defend him from the shafts of bitter assailants, portrayed the sufferings, trials, and privations he was obliged to encounter, in the ministration of his kind offices; and declared, that he voluntarily laid down his life, for the people of Hogolen—thus sacrificing all personal considerations on the altar of public good.

Future generations being informed from this source of the calamity that befel their fathers; and of the salvation wrought by Esculapius, conceived the notion, that the evil witnessed was occasioned by Esculapius' becoming enraged at some misdemeanor committed by the unhappy sufferers; for which in his wrath, he had determined the entire extirpation of the whole race—and that to avoid so fatal and awful a providence, the Son, who was the express image of love and affection, freely offered to quench the flaming sword by his own vital blood—an offering, which was accepted by Esculapius, and which served to placate his wrath, and reconcile him to the inhabitants of Hogolen. Hence they entertained the idea, that their redemption was secured by vicarious sufferings.

In process of time, they were informed, that Esculapius was not vindictive, and malignant, as they had vainly imagined—that he required nothing to render him propitious, seeing benevolence was the distinguishing attribute of his nature—and that so far from its being necessary, that his Son should die instead of the people, in order to appease his anger and remove his ire, it was the immutable law of his nature, to love and to communicate good—and in the exercise of his philanthropy, he sent his Son to the suffering people of Hogolen, for the purpose of bearing to them the healthy panacea, which he had provided for their emancipation. Thus, the sacrifice of Esculapius was as much a commendation of the undying love of the father, as of the Son.

A little attention to the subject, convinced the misguided people, that the sacrifices of Esculapius were such, as were necessarily involved in such an enterprise—that his death and sufferings were used by a figure of speech to represent the blessings he dispensed to the children of men; and that the means of restoration lay in the remedy, rather than in the virtue of his blood.

Having obtained a knowledge of the truth, relative to this subject, the inhabitants of this beautiful Island, settled down into a tranquil state of mind, relying with firm confidence on the goodness of Esculapius; and live to this day, enjoying the sweets of friendship, and the blessings of religion. L. L. S.

IMPORTANCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

There never was a subject presented to the consideration of mortals here below, which had claims so high upon the attention of men as the Christian religion. We refer particularly to the doctrines it teaches.—Leaving the excellent moral instructions and precepts of Christ entirely out of the question, and considering the Gospel in its theory merely as a system of doctrines, it presents an interest far transcending any thing and every thing that claims our attention on earth.

'If a man die shall he live again?' is a question which finds an answer only in the Gospel of Christ. It was agitated for ages previous to the coming of Christ, but baffled the inquiries of the philosopher, and sealed the lips of bearded sages in silence. Man is a frail creature, surrounded with a multitude of causes which conspire to send him to the silent tomb. He totters upon the brink of the grave and trembles as he looks down the dark gulph that yawns at his feet. Under such circumstances as these, one would suppose that men, knowing they must die, would hail with rapture any tidings from beyond the grave, and nerve every intellectual power diligently to the work of learning what was before them. Yet it is a lamentable fact that the subject does not appear to be duly appreciated, and there is little of that eagerness upon the question which the circumstances of the case, and the momentous interests concerned authorize us to expect from such rational creatures. How few there are who consider the subject worthy of a careful investigation, or sufficiently important to engage any considerable share of their attention.

Why is it we know not, but certain we are that men do not feel and act upon this subject as they do upon others. Let a political question come up in which the affairs of state are concerned, and the whole community will be alive upon the subject. But when the question comes which involves not only the things of time, but the very existence of the human race, it gets but a poor and partial examination.

When Columbus crossed the ocean and discovered this western continent, his expectant countrymen hailed the tidings with transports of joy, and one burst of acclamation rung from one end of the nation to the other. All Europe was in commotion and alive upon the subject. But when a Saviour has crossed the waters of the dark river of death, landed upon the shores of immortality and brought back tidings from a better land, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary find eternal rest, we let it pass like the idle wind, and consider it hardly worth our while to inquire whether it is true or false. Scarcely a day or an hour are we willing to spend in the inquiry, whether we are to live forever, at God's right hand, or float silently down to the gulf of eternal oblivion and everlasting night.

There is another question equally important which is answered in the gospel. We refer to the inquiry whether men are to be happy or miserable in another world, but even this receives not that attention which its importance most richly deserves. Some believe that a large portion of the human race will rise from the dead only to suffer in misery and pain without mitigation, with-

out mercy or end. Others believe that the whole human race will rise from the dead and dwell at God's right hand forever, where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore. The question, which of these opinions is true, comes to the feeling heart with an absorbing interest, and is calculated to commend itself to all the holiest and best of the feelings of men.

Take the parent surrounded with a family of children in whom all his tenderest affections are garnered up, and what on earth is there that involves considerations so momentous to that parent as the question, whether his children will be happy in heaven or miserable in hell? The importance of the question far outweighs every thing that earth presents. And yet how coldly and indifferently do parents look upon the subject. It is enough to freeze ones heart to go into the temple of worship and witness the cold and deadly apathy that exists upon the momentous question.

We have seen a parent lead his tender offspring and prattling babes to the house of worship. We have seen the man of God, as he called himself, hurl a scathing curse from the desk which would send those children to the nehermost hell. We have watched the parent. He believed every word. And yet with an eye resting upon his own flesh and blood, with a heart cold as Lapland, and frigid as marble, he coolly looked on, and not a nerve was shaken, or a muscle strained, though the burning cinders of hell were falling upon his children.

Why these things should be so we cannot tell. Parents do not feel thus upon other subjects. Let a parent be told that his child is arrested by an officer, and in danger of being lodged in a dungeon, and he can feel. Yea, he would travel from Maine to Georgia to learn whether it was true or false. And yet that same parent will profess to believe that his child is even now in the clutches of the devil, and will be cast into Pluto's dread prison to be tormented forever, and never even inquire whether it is not possible that he is mistaken in his opinion.

We are glad however to say that the people are beginning to be awake upon these subjects. We rejoice that thousands are thinking more seriously of the matter, and that the momentous questions we have named are beginning to be received in their proper light—important beyond comparison. The Lord give us wisdom to examine candidly and decide correctly.—Gospel Anchor.

CREATION A PROOF OF THE DIVINE GOODNESS.

Creation is a display of Supreme goodness no less than of wisdom and power. It is the communication of numberless benefits, together with existence, to all who live.—Justly is the earth said to be 'full of the goodness of the Lord.' Throughout the whole system of things, we behold a manifest tendency to promote the benefit either of the rational or the animal creation. In some parts of nature, this tendency may be less obvious than in others. Objects, which to us seem useless, or hurtful, may sometimes occur; and strange it were, if in so vast and complicated a system, difficulties of this kind should not occasionally present themselves to beings, whose views are so narrow and limited as ours. It is well known, that in proportion as the knowledge of nature has increased among men, these difficulties have diminished. Satisfactory accounts have been given of many perplexing appearances. Useful and proper purposes have been found to be promoted by objects which were, at first, thought unprofitable or noxious.

Malignant must be the mind of that person; with a distorted eye he must have contemplated creation, who can suspect that it is not the production of infinite benignity and goodness. How many clear marks of benevolent intentions appear every where around us! What a profusion of beauty and ornament is poured forth on the face of nature! What a magnificent spectacle presented to the view of man! What supply contrived for his wants! What a variety of objects set before him, to gratify his senses, to employ his understanding, to entertain his imagination, to cheer and gladden his heart! Indeed, the very existence of the universe is a standing memorial of the goodness of the Creator. For nothing except goodness could originally prompt creation. The Supreme Being, self-existent, and all sufficient, had no wants which he could seek to supply.—No new accession of felicity or glory was to result to him, from creatures which he made. It was goodness communicating, and pouring itself forth, goodness delighting to impart happiness in all its forms, which in the beginning created the heaven and the earth.—Hence, those innumerable orders of living creatures with which the earth is peopled; from the lowest class of sensitive being, to the highest rank of reason and intelligence. Wherever there is life, there is some degree of happiness; there are enjoyments suited to the different powers of feeling; and earth, and air, and water, are with magnificent liberality, made to teem with life.

Let those striking displays of creating goodness call forth, on our part, responsive love, gratitude, and veneration. To this great Father of all existence and life, to him who hath raised us up to behold the light of day, and to enjoy all the comforts which this world presents, let our hearts send forth a perpetual hymn of praise. Evening and morning let us celebrate him, who maketh the morning and the evening to rejoice over our heads; who 'openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.'—Let us rejoice that we are brought into a world, which is the production of infinite goodness; and over which a supreme intelligence presides. Convinced that he hateth not the works which he hath made, nor hath brought creatures into existence, merely to suffer unnecessary pain, let us, even in the midst of sorrow, receive, with calm submission, whatever he is pleased to send; thankful for what he bestows, and satisfied that, without good reason, he takes nothing away.

It is not in the tremendous appearances of power merely, that a good and well instructed man beholds the Creator of the world.—In the constant and regular working of his hands, in the silent operations of his wisdom and goodness, ever going on throughout nature, he delights to contemplate and adore him. This is one of the chief fruits to be derived from that more perfect knowledge of the creator, which is imparted to us by the Christian revelation. Impressing our minds with a just sense of all his attributes as not wise and great only, but as gracious and merciful, let it lead us to view every object of calm and undisturbed nature, with a perpetual reference to its author. We shall then behold all the scenes which the heavens and the earth present, with more refined feelings, and sublimer emotions, than they who regard them solely as objects of curiosity or amusement. Nature will appear animated and enlivened by the presence of its author. When the sun rises or sets in the heavens; when spring paints the earth, when summer shines in its glory, when autumn pours forth its fruits, or winter returns in its awful forms, we shall view the Creator manifesting himself in his works. We shall meet his presence in the cheering beam. We shall hear his voice in the wind. We shall behold ourselves every where surrounded with the glory of that universal spirit, who fills, pervades, and upholds all. We shall live in the world as a great and august temple; where the presence of the Divinity, who inhabits it, inspires devotion.—Blair.

From the Mother's Magazine.

PERSONAL VANITY.

Vanity is a sin peculiar to no class. It is common both to the ignorant and the learned; the poor and the rich, the clown and the gentleman, the christian and the infidel. It is confined to no sex, no rank, no condition. It displays itself in the cottage, in the palace, in the kitchen, in the parlor, in the house, in the streets, in the hall-room, in the sanctuary, in the hall of legislation, and in the pulpit.

There is scarcely a sin in the black catalogue of human guilt, so subtle and specious, so endless in its arts and variations. But whatever be its form or color, the motive determines its character. 'A bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit.'

A desire to attract the gaze, or applause of mortals, must always be sinful; and especially when it arises from those providential distinctions which exist among mankind. One of these is elegance of person. By this I mean a beautiful countenance, a graceful form, polished manners, or any of those personal accomplishments with which the hand of God adorns some more than others. Strange as it may seem, these are often the occasion of great self complacency and pride. These are the dainty offal on which vanity loves to feed and fatten. These are the idols at whose shrine millions worship. But how foolish and wicked.

Let me not be thought to undervalue or despise that beauty of person which the Almighty has imparted to any mortal. It is His work, and wherever I see it, I can contemplate it with the same admiration with which I contemplate the exquisite texture and colored variety of the lily, or gaze upon the splendor and magnitude of the heavenly orbs. But the world is full of beautiful and splendid objects; and wherein has an elegant man more occasion to be vain, than thousands of the animal or feathered tribes? It is not because they have intelligence to discern their personal attractions. It is not because these are superior to the decorations bestowed upon other beings. Solomon, in all his glory, did not outshine the flower of the field.

Another cause of vanity is splendid attire. I pronounce no philippic against dress.—On this subject I have only to say, let every one dress in such a manner as not to excite the attention, the gaze and remarks of others. A poor woman in rich attire is an object of curiosity. A rich woman in rags is no less so. There is a medium, and when we step upon it we incommode no one, excite no attention, create no envy, no disgust.

But this happy medium will not answer for those whose object is, by dress, to command attention and applause. Nothing short of an extreme in fashion, or something near it, will serve their end. Now, this is vanity. If not, what is it? Is it comfort? Is it to keep up distinctions in society? I am not prepared to level all distinctions, and to say that the poor and rich shall live in the same style. But this distinction can be maintained, so far as it is proper and necessary, without excess or extravagance. If it cannot, let it be annihilated. Of the two evils, I choose the least.

But why should an attire, however rich and splendid, cherish and flatter pride?—Man, in his best estate, is altogether vanity; a poor, frail, dying mortal, whose glory is all borrowed and evanescent. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow and continueth not.

THE POWER OF RELIGION.—Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and, with fearful crash, would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountability, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself in human affairs; that all improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the oppressed no avenger; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human exis-

tence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let men thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow? We hope, perhaps, that human laws and sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that were the sun quenched in the heavens our torches could illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness for man, if the unprotected insect of the day is suffered to pass unheeded? And what is he more, if a deism be true? Erase all thoughts and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite—knowing no restraint, and poverty and suffering having no solace or hope—would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty and principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be—a companion for brutes.

THE INTELLIGENCER.

—“And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Press.”

GARDINER, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1833.

METHODIST JUSTICE.

The Christian's Bower, a Universalist paper published in Keeseville, N. Y. and edited by Br. J. Bradley, contains an account, in a tragic-comedy style, of an affair that recently took place in Plattsburg, N. Y. which, if true—and the account purports to be strictly true—would go to show that even the empire State of New York is not without her blue laws, and that the Methodists are ready to avail themselves of the benefit of them. The facts, as we gather them from the Bower, are as follows: At a Methodist prayer meeting held in Plattsburg the former part of last month, which was conducted by the Presiding Elder and two Clerical assistants, the chief speaker took occasion to warn his flock in no very mild terms, against the prevailing heresy of Universalism. In his speech and exhortation he denounced the believers in the doctrine of the grace of God, and animadverted very severely upon their idea that the devil is finally to be destroyed. It seems that there was a Universalist gentleman present, by the name of Paul Marshall. Hearing his sentiments thus attacked and his friends abused, as soon as the Elder had finished his tirade, he arose and commenced repeating Heb. ii. 14, 15—“For as much then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also likewise took part of the same: that through death he might destroy”—(Here the Elder, perceiving what was coming raised his stentorian voice and began to sing aloud, calling on his brethren to join him; but Mr. M. nothing daunted, also raised his voice and proceeded to finish his quotation,) “him that hath the power of death, that is the devil; and deliver those who, through fear of death, were all their life time subject to bondage.” The recital of this scripture occasioned a considerable agitation amongst the Methodists, who were unwilling to hear Paul's testimony against their Elder; nevertheless, they continued to make the “welkin ring” by their shouting and howling; till Mr. M. disgusted at their conduct, retired from the house saying in the language of Isaiah, “They that rule over them, make them to howl saith the Lord.”

The quoting of these texts, though not a word was uttered by the gentleman by way of remark or comment, it seems, gave dire offence to the brotherhood, and particularly to the Elder and his Clergymen. The circumstance threatened the destruction of their revival projects—for how could a revival be promoted without a belief in the devil?—and they resolved to have revenge on the daring individual who had the presumption to rise in self-defence in their meeting and oppose their arguments by two passages of scripture. Seeing a chance to be avenged by law, they proceeded on the succeeding day to bring an action against Mr. Marshall.—Application was made to several Justices of the Peace for a warrant, but without success. At length one was found, a Calvinistic Baptist, an intemperate man, who believing in the existence of the devil, and that religion could not flourish without him, granted a warrant, and Marshall was apprehended.—He was summoned by the officer to appear forthwith before the said Justice, no time being allowed him to procure witnesses or otherwise to prepare for his defence.

The conduct of the Justice and of the three Ministers, at the trial, is represented as most unjustifiable and ridiculous. Previous to the trial, it is said, the Ministers took the Justice aside and charged him what he must do. He must hear nothing from Marshall, but proceed to fine him ten dollars.—To this the Justice agreed. The mock trial went on. The Elder, being called, testified that Marshall arose in their meeting and quoted two passages of Scripture, wilfully and maliciously for the purpose of disturbing their meeting. On being cross-examined he affirmed that he did not know M. was present, and therefore could not have designed to irritate him by the attack he made on Universalists; while in the same breath he gave as a reason for not giving liberty for

others to speak at the time, because he knew Mr. M. was present and might perhaps avail himself of it. Notwithstanding this crooked testimony, the Justice openly commended the course taken by the Elder, and rebuked every witness offered on the other side. It is even said, that when the defendant's counsel made his defence, His Honor, sat in his chair with both ears plugged up with his fingers! fearing, probably, that, having made up his mind before the trial, he might get bothered by hearing any thing on the other side.

The result was, according to the agreement betwixt the drunken Justice and the Methodist Ministers, Mr. Marshall was fined ten dollars and costs for repeating two texts of Scripture in a Methodist meeting to show that the devil will be destroyed.

Had such a circumstance taken place in New England two hundred years ago, it would have excited no surprise, but in this age, under a republican government, it is altogether astonishing. The Methodists have herein shown the public what they would do if they could; they would call on the State for pains and penalties to prevent any contradiction by the Scriptures of their creed. Have not these people suffered persecution enough themselves, as for a long time a minority sect, to teach them a little of the genius of republicanism? But they have waxed fat; and Jehu-like, now begin to kick.

The Methodist is the most arbitrary and dangerous sect in the U. S. Their church is an absolute monarchy. With them there is nothing republican. The power does not go up from the people to their rulers; but comes down from the latter to the former.—There is no spice of liberty or equality in their system—a system not only hostile, but really dangerous to every republican principle under our government. We say dangerous. It is so, first, because of its tendency; because it makes their people satisfied with and lovers of monarchy in the church; why not also in State? It is dangerous, secondly, because of the combinations which exist under it. The Methodist denomination is held by a central power who moves the main spring; and as this vibrates, every joint down to the humblest member dances to order. Such an *imperium in imperio* is absolutely dangerous. And as to its influence even over our Courts of Justice, we have seen what it has been in Plattsburg, and may see what it has been in the case of their favorite Ephraim K. Avery. It is time the people's eyes were opened.

MINISTERS IN MAINE.

As several of our religious Journals have published lists of the names of Universalist Ministers in their States respectively, we subjoin a list for Maine. There are three or four whose names are given, that preach the gospel amongst us, but are not members of the Convention. We add their names, because we perceive the same course has been taken by Editors in other States.

Maine.

E. B. Averill, Orland,
George Bates, Turner,
Samuel Brimblecom, Westbrook,
B. Bursley, Sangerville,
A. Dismore, New Gloucester,
William A. Drew, Augusta,
Thomas Dolloff, Jay,
Timothy Danton, Liberty,
S. Farrar, Bristol,
Nathan C. Fletcher, Thomaston,
J. K. Fulmer, Montville,
William Frost, Dexter,
Calvin Gardner, Waterville,
James Hall, Anson,
Henry Hawkins, Fryeburg,
James W. Hoskins, Hampden,
M. McFarland, Montville,
Charles Leadbetter, Concord,
G. P. Leonard, Millburn,
Joel Miller, Dixmont,
A. A. Richards, Parkman,
M. Rayner, Portland,
C. Smith, Wayne,
Seth Stetson, Buckfield,
D. T. Stevens, Sumner,
J. Stoddard, Chesterville,
Z. Thompson, Farmington,
E. Wellington, Athens,
T. Whittier, Farmington,
J. Woodman, New Gloucester,
Daniel Young, Avon,
Dr. Alexander Hatch, China,
— Smith, Camden,

The above embraces, we think, all the avowed preachers of the final salvation of the world, now resident in Maine. Five or six in fellowship have recently gone out of the State, and as we find their names reported elsewhere, we have omitted them on the foregoing list.

The following are the names of the Universalist Clergymen in other States, so far as we have seen them reported.

New Hampshire.

Thomas F. King, Portsmouth,
J. P. Atkinson, Somersworth,
Josiah Gilman, Guilford,
Robert Bartlett, Hopkinton,
H. F. Stearns, Wendell,
Ithiel Smead, Roxbury,
Darius Forbes, Langdon,
L. C. Marvin, Alstead,
Stillman Clark, Plainfield,
Henry Knapp, Lebanon,
John G. Adams, West Rumney,
W. S. Balch, Claremont,

Vermont.

Ammi Bond, Bennington,
Elijah Bump, “
Aurin Bugbee, Gilford Centre,
Warren Skinner, Proctorsville,
W. W. Wright, Weston,

Samuel C. Loveland, Reading,
William S. Ballou, Hartland,
Eri Garfield, Bethel,
Joseph Hemphill, do.
Uriah Smith, Barnard,
William Bell, Woodstock,
Kittredge Haven, Shoreham,
J. E. Palmer, Barre,
J. M. Austin, Montpelier,
Thomas Browning, Waterbury,
Micajah Coburn, Chelsen,
B. H. Fuller, Richmond,
Z. C. Wood, Milton,
Nathaniel Ewer, do.
Eli Ballou, Swanton,
Oliver Wright, Fletcher,
F. J. Briggs, St. Albans,
Ezekiel Vose, St. Johnsbury,
John Anzier, Waterford,
Freeman Loring, Putney,

Massachusetts.

George Bradburne, Nantucket,
John Murray Spear, Hyannis,
James H. Bugbee, Plymouth,
Alanson St. Clair, Halifax,
Joseph Balfield, Duxbury,
Robert Killam, West Scituate,
Elmor Hewitt, Hanson,
J. B. Dods, Taunton,
George C. Leach, “
William Morse, Quincy,
Hosea Ballou 2nd, Roxbury,
Mascena B. Ballou, Stoughton,
Hosea Ballou, Boston,
Sebastian Streeter, “
S. F. Streeter, “
Thomas Whittemore, “
Benjamin Whittemore, “
Daniel D. Smith, “
J. C. Waldo, “

A. A. Folsom, Hingham,
Lemuel Willis, Salem,
John Moore, Danvers,
A. Norwood, Brewster,
Thomas Jones, Gloucester,
B. B. Murray, “
Henry Belding, “
T. G. Farnsworth, Haverhill,
Jehiel Smith, Amesbury,
Thomas B. Thayer, Lowell,
Russell Streeter, Shirley Village,
J. Wright, Acton,
T. J. Greenwood, Marlboro',
W. A. Stickney, Stow,
Sylvanus Cobb, Malden,
Rufus S. Pope, “
Joshua Flagg, Dana,
John H. Willis, “
Lucius R. Paige, Charlestown,
L. S. Everett, “
W. Balfour, “
Elbridge Trull, Milford,
Gilman Noyes, Charlton,
H. F. Ballou, Munroe,
John Brooke, Bernardston,
Theodore K. Taylor,

Connecticut.

Salomon Glover,
M. A. Smith, Hartford,
Charles Spear, Granby,
J. Boyden Jr., Berlin,
Theo. Fisk, New Haven,
Robert Smith, Middletown,
Henry Brown, North Coventry,
J. P. Fuller, Stafford,
N. Dodge, New London,
Robert Bingham, Windham Co.

New York.

S. R. Smith, Clinton,
Dolphus Skinner, Utica,
A. B. Grosb, do.,
John Freeman, Hamilton,
Job Potter, Cooperstown,
Walter Ballard, Hartwick,
Clement F. Le Fevre, Troy,
I. D. Williamson, Albany,
Thomas J. Whitecomb, Schenectady,
Charles Hammond, Royalton,
William L. Reese, West Bloomfield,
Geo. W. Montgomery, Buffalo,
Isaac Whitall, Barre,
Calvin Morton, Clarendon,
Cornelius G. Person, Canton,
Nelson Doolittle, Lisle,
Levi L. Saddle, Perry Village,
R. O. Williams, Amsterdam,
Stephen Miles, Lee,
Jacob Chase, Jr., Berkshire,
John S. Flagler, York,
Liscomb Knapp, Brighton,
Lynan Scott, Freedom,
George Messenger, South Bainbridge,
Luke Babcock, Pharsalia,
Lewis C. Todd, Jamestown,
Joshua Britton, Jr., Sharon,
S. H. Fuller, Boonville,
John Wallace, Potsdam,
Oliver Ackley, Seneca,
David Biddlecom, Cazenovia,
Orrie Roberts, Cedarville,
Jesse Bushnell, Clinton,
G. Sanderson, Genoa,
Abner Wood, Antwerp,
Joseph Bradley, Plattsburg,
S. Finch, Binghamton,
Franklin Langworthy, Madrid,
Seth Jones, Augusta,
James Foster, Orville,
J. French, Sandy Creek,
E. Smith, Henrietta,
J. Spencer, Spring water,
Kneeland Townsend, Gaines,
L. Plain, Nanda,
Russell Tomlinson, Le Roy,
Wm. Whittaker, Hudson,
E. Mitchell, New York City,
T. J. Sawyer, do.,
S. J. Hillier, do.,
B. B. Hallock, do.,
Justus Gage,
John Simonds,
Jeremiah H. Whelpley,
E. De Wolf,
Benjamin Ballou,
Samuel A. Steele,
Benjamin Hicks,
Lewis C. Marvin,
J. C. Newell, Stephentown,
— Miller, Southold,

S. C. Bulky, Wightstown,
Pennsylvania.
A. C. Thomas 1st Ind. Ch. Philadelphia,
L. F. W. Andrews 2d do.,
Zelotes Fuller, Ed. Liberalist,
Asher Moore, Reading,
Henry Bower, do.
Jacob Myers, Petersburg,
F. W. Bindeman, Womelsdorf,
Alfred Beck, Montrose,
George Rodgers, Brooklyn,
Dr. Adams,
Nathl. Stacy,

Maryland.

O. A. Skinner, Baltimore,
S. P. Skinner, “

Virginia.

J. P. Pitkin, Richmond,

South Carolina.
Elijah Lynch, Newberry district,
Allen Fuller, “

Alabama.
W. Atkins, Mt. Meigs, Mount Co.

Total 204

There are preachers in several of the Western States—how many we know not. Probably the whole number in the United States at present, is about 250. There are, perhaps, on an average, three Societies to one preacher. If so, the whole number of Societies will not vary much from 750. If the congregations attached to each Society amount to two hundred, on an average, as probably they do, we may estimate the whole number of Universalists in the United States so far as Society organization exist, at 150,000. There are thousands of others scattered over the country, “as sheep without a shepherd.”

AN EXPERIENCED WITNESS.

The Rev. J. Kidwell, the indefatigable editor of the Sentinel at Philomath, Indiana, in an article preceding an account of a case of insanity produced by a revival at Connersville, in that vicinity, holds the following language of experience on the subject of revival making. The testimony of such a witness is entitled to a respectful consideration.

“We have understood that Connersville has been visited with one of those plagues, called, a *revival of religion*. We always feel disposed to speak with a becoming reverence of things religious and sacred; but when we see religion made a mock of, by those who affect to be more godly than their neighbors, we feel mortified and ashamed of all such pretenders to the name of *christian*.—The religion of Jesus Christ is characterized by a meek and quiet spirit. What is falsely called a revival of religion, we know by experience, to be madness and folly. We have often been engaged in these revivals, and know well how to pity all such poor deluded creatures: we know them to be sincere as well as deluded; therefore we cannot despise them as some do, who think it all hypocrisy; but earnestly pray that God may show them their error as he has been pleased to show us ours.

These excitements can only be got up by a false representation of God. In the first place, the God of tender mercies is represented as filled with indignation and wrath against the sinner—ready to hurl him down the black steep of damnation to be the companion of devils, where he is forever to be in the act of blaspheming the author of his existence, and he aggravated by having continually in view the heaven he has lost. It is by these frightful representations, that the ignorant and uninformed are driven to a state of religious insanity; they become alarmed at their best friend—their God and Father! In this state of excitement, the very men who have caused the alarm and terror, by representing the Almighty in the character of an infuriated demon, tell the distracted sinner of the goodness of God to poor sinful man! If the mind of the distracted creature can be drawn from the contemplation of wrath and vengeance, to that of love and tender mercy, there is a sudden transition from fear and dread, to joy and gladness.—The sinner is then told that he is *converted—born again!* Now, says the pretended messenger of heaven—“The sinner sees God in his true character—all his alarm was a delusion of the devil.” We contend it was a delusion, though not of the devil, but the preacher.

We ourselves, (may God forgive us,) have often terrified our poor fellow mortals by representing them as “Hair-bung, breeze shaken over the awful gulph.” We have pointed to an angry God above, and a gaping hell beneath, until we almost fancied we could see the awful vision—sinners trembled, and we trembled with them, till the whole congregation seemed alarmed for the fate of sinners. This was called a glorious time—a *melting season!* We now look back at the days of our ignorance and folly, and feel astonished that we were so blind, as not to see, that what we ascribed to God and the devil, was all the effects of our own laboured and misguided zeal. Long did we believe and teach, that God was a God of wrath and vengeance—that he was filled with indignation and hatred towards sinners. As soon as we excited alarm in the minds of our hearers, we would go to the dear weeping creatures, and tell them how good God was to sinners. Now if any man can reconcile this kind of preaching, we would like to see him at it.

All agree to say, that God is unchangeable; that he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever: how then can he be a God of wrath and vengeance to-day, and a God of love and tender mercies to-morrow? How is it possible that he is so angry at the sinner at one time, and so ready to forgive at another, without passing through the shadow of a change? If people would only exercise the reason God has given them, they could not fail to see, that one half of this kind of preaching is false of necessity.

SACCARAPPA.

Br. Zenas Thompson, of Farmington, writes us that he has concluded to accept the invitation of the newly formed Universalist Society in that part of Westbrook called Saccarappa, and that he proposes to remove his family thither next week. On Sunday next he will deliver his valedictory discourse to the brethren in Farmington and vicinity, whom he has long and faithfully served. For their own good they ought not to have consented to part with him. As it is, however, we trust it may be for his advantage and for the good of the cause whither he is going. We have many warm friends in Saccarappa where Br. T. we doubt not will be well supported. God grant him “health, peace and prosperity,” and the Society to which he will minister, the gentle and refreshing dews of his all-sufficient grace.

LIFE OF REV. JOHN MURRAY.

We are indebted to Br. Thomas Whittemore of Boston, through the politeness of a friend in Portland, for a copy of a new edition, published by him, of the Life of that devoted Apostle of Universalism, the Rev. John Murray. We have looked over the volume as much as our time would allow; and find it, in the first place, handsomely executed, in the second, considerably enlarged by several historical Notes, an Appendix and an Index, all of which are originally published in this volume—not a little enhancing its value. The original Text is faithfully preserved.

Every thing relating to the professional life of Murray—interwoven as it is with the rise of Universalism in the United States,—is interesting to the denomination of Universalists. Murray was a talented and zealous man—well suited for the times in which he was called by divine Providence to perform his important duty. His “Life” is written in a style interesting and affecting to the last degree. In the Appendix to the volume before us, we find a comparison between the sentiments of Murray, and that other great Apostle of Truth, Elhanan Winchester; and though they differed essentially on the great principles of salvation, it affords us great satisfaction to notice the catholic and fraternal feelings one towards the other, which both were determined to cherish and maintain. God grant it may always be so. The volume before us is in the octavo form, on small type, covering 262 pages. The price is fifty cents per copy.

The publication of this edition and a reduction of the price have affected the publishers of the “Universalist Library”—a most excellent series of publications—and given occasion for an advertisement from Marsh, Capen & Lyon, which has been in this and some other papers two or three weeks. We know nothing of the merits of this controversy and are inexpressibly sorry to see any thing of the kind in existence.—Our wish is that both may sell as many of the books as they can supply, and at what every publisher ought to have for his labor and risk—a fair profit. Br. W. noticing the advertisement in our paper, has requested us to give him a hearing by copying the following. It seems but just that we should do so. Both the criminations in one, and the recriminations in the other, we regret much to see.

LIFE OF MURRAY.

We were very sorry to perceive in the last Christian Intelligencer, published at Gardiner, Me. an advertisement by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, booksellers in this city, in which there were some very ungentlemanly and personal observations having reference to us. It is with regret that we notice the affair at all; but we cannot consent to be thus slandered in the public papers, without giving the public to understand that we at least, if no others, believe these aspersions to be entirely unfounded. The charge brought against us is, that we have published an edition of the Life of Rev. John Murray, “without any good reason,” as they say, and that we have improved it without “having suggested it to them.” See the following extract from their advertisement:—

“The publishers, it will be recollected, stereotyped this work a few months since, and made it the first volume of the *Universalist Library*, and they are compelled to adopt this course, with a view to self-protection, as another edition without any good reason, has been thrown into the market by Thomas Whittemore.

It must be distinctly understood, that this course is not pursued to any profit, for it yields none; but simply with the intention of opposing the injustice of another.

Had the work really needed any improvement, it would have afforded some evidence of a christian spirit to have suggested it to the publishers; but this was not done.”

We acknowledge that we published an improved edition of the Life of Murray, at a reduced price, without suggesting it to them. What is there wrong in that? They published three editions of it without suggesting it to us; and we never found any fault, nor felt any grievance.

They intimate that the work did not need any improvement. Perhaps, they think so. They will permit us, we trust, to differ from them. We have enlarged it about one quarter part; and we shall leave it to the public to say whether it is improved.

We desire to know what *exclusive right* Marsh, Capen & Lyon have to publish the Life of Murray. They have the same right to publish it that every other person has, and no further right. Why may not Mr. Henry Bowen who published the second edition, with as much propriety complain of them for publishing the third, as they can complain of us? If it be wrong for us to publish one edition after they have published three, was it not wrong for them to publish after Mr. Henry Bowen had published only one? But they have stereotyped the work. Very well. Did they stereotype it to monopolize the sale, and to keep up the price? If so, that is a very strong reason why some one else ought to have published it. We never could obtain the work of them without paying the same price by the dozen at which we were obliged to sell. We believe we always sold more of their own editions than they sold, except those they sold through us. They held the work on such terms that we were obliged, either to give up the sale of it altogether, or to publish for ourselves. We preferred the latter of course. We knew the work would afford a living profit, and sell at two thirds what they charged. We therefore put the price down where it ought to be; and this “the head and front of our offending.” We added a quarter part to the size, and reduced the price one third. This injures nobody except those who wish to monopolize the sale, and keep up the price.

The Life of Murray is the common property of the *Universalists*. Mr. Murray and all his heirs are dead, and the original copy

Apprentice Wanted.
WANTED as an Apprentice to the Printing Business, an active, intelligent, capable and honest BOY. Inquire at this office.

The Religious Inquirer tells the following anecdote. It will answer as a tolerable religious bon mot, seeing it originated in an orthodox jeer:—In a town not a thousand miles from Ashford, the Orthodox priest, one of the deacons, and a Universalist, went into the meeting house—an orthodox one, we suppose,—just finished and soon to be dedicated; and whilst in the pulpit, the deacon observed to the Universalist that 'he never saw the *Devil* in the pulpit before.' 'I don't know that I ever did,' replied the Universalist, 'but I have frequently seen him in the deacon's seat.'

POETRY.

THE WHOLE HOG.—BY COWPER.

Thus says the prophet of the Turk—
Good Mussulmen abstain from pork,
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, what'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.

Such Mohammed's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large,
Had he the sinful spot expressed,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarred,
And set their wits to work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind,
Whence controversy strait arose;
These chose the back—the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head,
While others at the doctrine rail,
And proudly prefer the tail.
Thus conscience freed from every clog,
Mohammedans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well, the tale applied
Will make you laugh on t'other side.
Renounce the world the preacher cries;
We do, a multitude replies;
While one a innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in the play.
Some love a concert or a race,
And others shooting or a chase,
Revelled and loved, renounced and followed,
Thus bit by bit the word is swallowed,
Each thinks his neighbor makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he;
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Gospel Anchor.]

PROFANE SWEARING.

We have often wondered that in a christian community a vice so utterly useless and so manifestly injurious in its effects should prevail to any considerable extent. To say nothing of the injunction of our Saviour "swear not at all," and the utter repugnancy of the practice of cursing and swearing to every principle of Christianity, one would suppose that a decent respect for the feelings and opinions of others, and a proper regard for the refined feelings of civilized and enlightened society, would restrain the gentleman from outraging the sensibilities of others with the profane oath and the blasphemous curse. Such however is not the fact but on the contrary, men who profess to be gentlemen, aye and christians too, do not hesitate to blaspheme the name of God and imprecate curses upon their fellow men. In warning those who are in the practice of this vice and admonishing them to desist from that evil way, we shall merely offer a few reasons why it should be abandoned.

1. We remark that this vice is absolutely inexcusable.

In this respect it stands alone, for in all the black crimes which disgrace humanity, there is not to be found another which will not admit of some plausible excuse or some palliation. But in this case there is none. The drunkard and the debauchee are prompted to a commission of their crimes by their respective appetites, and may plead a constitutional infirmity or a momentary gratification as a palliation. But who in the name of reason and common sense ever thought of pleading such an excuse for profanity? Who ever said that he was born into the world with a swearing constitution, or that he experienced even a momentary gratification in uttering oaths and curses?—The dishonest man and the thief, may gratify avarice and gain wealth by their crimes, and may plead a love of gold and a prospect of happiness as the motives which urge them to the commission of their crimes.—But who ever thought of making himself richer or happier by indulging in the habit of profane swearing. Let us suppose a man framing excuses designed to extenuate his guilt in this practice.

Will he say that he cannot gain credit to what he says unless he swears to it? We answer then, he cannot with an oath. Surely a man's credit must be low, as a man of truth and veracity, who cannot be believed unless he swears. The truth is far otherwise, for, sensible men always suspect the truth of the profane swearer.

Will passion be plead in excuse? I was angry and therefore I swore. This is equivalent to saying that he has done wrong once and this is the very reason why he should do so again. To admit this as an excuse is in effect to say that a man is not accountable for what he does in a passion, and thus every crime would be excused. The man who beats or murders his neighbor, may say that he did it in a passion and the excuse will be as good as in this case.

Will a want of reflection be plead in excuse. This is a poor excuse for a rational being. God has given to man the power of reason and reflection, and he that does not employ these powers ought not to be classed among rational creatures, but with the beasts who act only from impulse.

Will habit be offered as an excuse? Will the swearer say that he has long been in the habit of swearing and scarcely knows when he indulges in it? This instead of extenuating his guilt only aggravates it in a tenfold degree. To admit that the longer a man continues in sin and the more intently he is bent upon its practice, the more innocent he is to be considered. The thief, the drunkard, the liar, and the murderer, can plead the amount of goods stolen, spirits drank, lies told, and murders committed, as a good reason why they may continue to transgress with impunity.

The truth is, this is the very reason why they should forsake their evil ways. "The time past ought to suffice to have wrought the works of darkness, it is one reason at least why he should begin to redeem the time and live temperately. So if a man has sworn and cursed out one half his days it is high time that he began to let his communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay, knowing that whatsoe'er is more than this cometh of evil. We remark,

2. That profanity has a deleterious influence upon society, the happiness of the profane man, and tends directly to procure a general corruption of morals in community.

Perhaps there are few vices that can be named which have a more direct tendency to destroy all reverence for God, and to steel the heart against all the finer feelings of love and gratitude than the one now under consideration. It argues a heart almost totally dead to a proper sense of the Divine

goodness, and destitute of those finer feelings of tenderness, benevolence, and charity in the exercise of which alone there is true bliss on earth. Surely that must be any thing but the calm, tranquil and happy man, who on every trivial occasion will blaspheme the name of God or pour out a volley of curses upon his fellow men.

Just in proportion as the habit of profanity has a tendency to blunt the finer feelings of the human heart, and deaden the moral sensibilities of men, in that exact ratio it destroys happiness.

Were we to look for a happy man on earth, we should not go to the man who trifles with the sacred name of God; but we would go to the calm and tranquil soul who mentions that holy name only with love and gratitude. We would not go to the bold blasphemer who like Shemel, curses as he runs; but we would go to the man in whose eye the tear of gratitude and joy glistens at the mention of his Creator's name, and there only, should we find.

"What nothing earthly can yield or yet destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy."

But again. This vice tends directly to promote a corruption of morals. The example of the swearer, especially if he be a man of rank or wealth, is likely to be followed by others, and society at large becomes contaminated with his sin. The young are particularly exposed to danger from this source. They are much inclined to imitate their superiors, and perhaps in nothing do they imitate more readily than in this habit.

If the swearer is the head of a family, his children will in all probability follow his example in youth and the habit growing with their growth and strengthening with their strength, will continue, and descend to future generations. The tendency of this practice, is directly to corrupt the morals of community by striking at the rate of virtue, in destroying those fine feelings from which all that is holy and heavenly in practice must proceed. We would therefore that those who practice this pernicious vice would pause and seriously consider, and if they have any respect for the morals of community or even for their own characters and happiness forsake the evil of their ways.

One word upon the origin of this vice and we have done. The poor Indian never swears till the professed christian learn him. Where do men learn to curse and damn one another? They learn from those who profess to be teachers in Israel. Who would have thought of damning his fellow to hell if he had not heard such language from the pulpit?

The evil is not likely to be remedied till the house of worship is purged from such scarlet abominations.

The minister goes into the desk cursing and damning his fellows, and in imitation of his example the people go away and curse and damn one another. So the people curse one another because the minister curses them, and the minister curses them because they curse one another. Thus cursing instead of good offices "go round." Reader, may the Lord give thee wisdom to choose the good way, and in conformity with the apostolic injunction, "bless and curse not." W.

Echoes. In the whole hemisphere of sounds, there is no circumstance more strikingly curious than that of an echo. To hear one's own voice returned, as if it were the voice of another, is perhaps more surprising than the reflection of one's self in a glass. Indeed there is so close a resemblance between the effects of light and sound, that we might almost suppose them governed by the same laws. Sound is not only reflected in the same way, but it may also be conveyed into a point like light. An imperfect experiment of this kind may be tried upon Westminster-bridge in the night time. If a person whisper in one of the alcoves (the form of which produces the effect,) he will be distinctly heard in the opposite one, though at so great a distance; but a still more striking instance of a similar kind, takes place in the whispering gallery that encircles the inside of the dome of St. Paul's.

Echoes are produced by the voice falling upon a reflecting body—as a house, a hill or a wood. These objects, at seventy feet distant from the speaker, will distinctly return a monosyllable, and for every forty feet further from the reflecting body, a syllable. In Italy, where the atmosphere and the country are so favorable to echoes, you meet with many of extraordinary duration.

Some repeat whole strains of music, which have given rise to those puerile repetitions, or symphonies, to be met with in early writers of that country. So perfect is the echo, that the ear is often deceived in not distinguishing the reflected sound from those which are direct. In listening to the ringing of bells, when an object so intervenes as to cut off the direct rays, we hear the sounds as effect, by converging the rays of sound into large portions, and throwing them into particular parts of the room. The best figure for a concert room is a parallelogram, or long square, in which the sounds are equally diffused. Our cathedrals partake of this form, and are the finest buildings in the country for the display of musical effects.

The sublimest operations in nature, which strike us with awe and wonder, are to be referred to the sound of distant echoes, as we hear them in thunder storms.

We have two kinds of atmospheric electricity,—one in which the fluid plays between an upper and lower tier of clouds; the other in which it darts from the cloud to the earth. The former is most common and not at all dangerous, though it is accompanied with a more appalling sound than the latter, which carries with it destruction and death.

The vertice shaft strikes the highest objects, and is to be distinguished more by a crackling noise, than the tremendous roll. The thunder, which follows the horizontal shaft, may be explained upon the following principles:—As the fluid darts abroad from one side of the heavens to the other, it actually produces but one shock, or instantaneous sound, but, by the reflection of the upper tier on the lower tier or stratum of clouds, the echoes are continued in one incessant roll, as if a heavy carriage was furiously driven over-head.

From the duration of the roll, it is not difficult to ascertain that the shaft of lightning darts eight or ten miles across the heavens in an instant of time. On the lake of Ulleswater is heard an imitation of these effects. On firing a cannon at the head of the lake, the report is so bandied about, from mountain to mountain, as to produce an ef-

fect like thunder, which continues for a length of time, expiring in the distance with a noise not louder than the crumpling of a piece of paper.

There is a charm connected with mountains, so powerful, that the merest mention of their magnificent features kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! Whoever has not climbed their long and heathy ascents, and seen the trembling mountain flowers, the glowing moss, the richly tinted larches under foot; and scented the fresh aroma of the uncultivated soil; heard the wild cry of the mountain plover, the raven, and eagle; and seen the russet hues of distant slopes, the livid gashes of ravines, precipices; the silver line of falling waters, and the whirling clouds at his feet, and cast his gaze over lakes and forests, wide lands and smoking towns, to the ocean's brink,—knows nothing of the splendid scenes this land affords.

The tremendous avalanches of snow from the summits of the high Alps in Switzerland, form another echo of the most appalling kind. Mr. Bakewell, speaking of the fall of these masses, says—"The noise was indescribably deep and awful; reverberating in long and repeated echoes which truly might be called the music of the mountains, and was in perfect harmony with the vast sublimity of the scene. To these deep echoes succeeded a solemn silence, till again an appalling crash from another part of the range was repeated by louder bursts, responding from mountain to mountain. It would have required no very poetic imagination to have heard, amid these sounds, the mighty giant of the Alps holding conference together, in an awful language that spoke of the feebleness of human power, compared with the force and immensity of nature. Descending from this vast theatre of sounds, into the haunts of men, how cheering to hear the joyful notes of the goat-herd ringing through the valley, as he runs through the gamut at a breath; and, with a stentorian voice, calls up the echoes that surround him. Accompanied with the lowing herds, and the murmur of waterfalls, how rich he pours his liquid song! Ignorant of all the rules of art, and guided by his fancy alone, his voice in the deep solitude has a charm indescribable."—English paper.

[From the Independent Messenger.]

SPRING.—A Fragment.

It was forming—the first rays of light was just glimmering in the east, when I stole softly from my chamber to take a short walk in the grey of the new born day. I strolled along, musing as I went upon the unchanging goodness of the Deity. This fact we learn by "the hearing of the ear," but at this season it is indelibly stamped upon the heart because we can "see it" with the naked eye.

The scenery of nature not only amuses us, but it leads us to just and exalted conceptions of Him who promised that "while the earth remaineth—seed time and harvest and summer and winter shall not cease." The beneficence of our Maker is powerfully marked upon every hill and valley, upon every fertile field and luxuriant meadow—upon the heaving tides of the ocean, and the deep untrodden solitudes of the forest. The "Spring" is emphatically the season of happiness; vegetation in all its unnumbered varieties is bursting into life and will soon be seen gently waving before the soft winds of heaven, and spreading its delightful fragrance around the habitations of men. Animate nature is all in motion—man glides along upon the green carpet of creation, with elastic steps, while his heart broods over the brilliant images of beauty with which he is surrounded. Millions of *seen* and other millions of *unseen* creatures, are rising from every element into life to enjoy their new born existence and their unmingled warblings of rapture—the involuntary thrills of "untaught fingers"—the overflowing of that spring of gladness from which issues all that claims the name of music, short of the voiceless harmony of heaven, seems to be dedicated to that Power by whose agency they were ushered into being.

Immensity of space is filled with animation, and every element around us is pregnant with joy. There is a luxury of sentiment in the contemplation of such scenes, for we realize that the hand of a divinity is closely connected with the volume of nature, and that the Father of creation called every thing into existence for his pleasure—to communicate happiness, and is ever listening with placid ear, to every inarticulate voice that testifies joy.

But how short is the season of spring—its pleasures appear but for a moment and then vanish like the "baseless fabric of a vision." The flowers bud and bloom, open their sunny petals to the viewer, lift up their delicate heads to the weary traveller, and the rude winds follow, pluck them from their frail stems, and cast them aside to their early withering. A fit emblem of man's existence; he comes forth as a tender flower, decay is written legibly upon his forehead—the sunny joys of earth—its charming scenes and fascinating allurements court him to linger in the garden of earthly pleasures, but ambition interferes—he pants for a name, he abandons the frivolous toys of youth, and enters the arena of public life. His mighty mind, (that portion of Divinity) now unfolds its strength and beauties to the admiring multitude—they view him with wonder and pleasure—he is in the sunshine of prosperity—fits along like a blazing meteor, the winds pass over him and he is gone—the light of his earthly existence is extinguished, and he who was so active and gay rests in the tomb. Sad sickening thought! Our life is made up of crude disjointed visions and broken slumbers, and yet we are anxious to continue the giddy round. But pass on relentlessly world, only leave "the things thou never yet hast given," a heart at ease—affections fixed on Heaven—a strong faith in the joys of immortality, and patience to bear the corroding ills of life. FLETCHER.

Fashionable Vulgarities of New York.—Ostentatious Dinners, where the guests are bored to death with a profusion of superfluous dishes, superfluous bottles, superfluous glasses, and superfluous cut glass; and lumbering finery of all sorts, were the guests are invited and estimated on the score of their purses; where the conversation consists of dissertations on wines, and comparisons of the respective excellence of each,

and where the hired cook after serving up the dishes, takes his place as a waiter to eke out the scene of ostentation.

Ostentatious parties, where ladies dress to fanaticism, and young gentlemen wear black stocks and speckled stockings; where the finery is all borrowed or hired; where you see the same hired waiters, the same great punch bowl, the same everlasting lamps, and the same desperate attempts at outdoing their rivals of the *ton*; where the company is rated according to the Wall-street standard, and the party according to the quantity of champagne and pickled oysters.

Married ladies dressed for a walk as if going to an assembly, with gowns the extreme breadth and redundancy of whose folds are desperately contrasted with their length, leading by the hand little children so overloaded with finery that they have no room to grow bigger, and never get to be more than four feet and a half high.

An affectation of contempt for every thing American, and of admiration for every thing foreign; an affectation of taste for Italian music without any taste; an affectation of literature without any literature; an affectation of fashionable manners without any manners; and a violent desire to be elegant without knowing exactly how to go about it. Indeed no rusticity of manners is half so vulgar in the eyes of people of real refinement as affectation.—N. Y. Cou.

INFANT DEPRAVITY.

Dr. Spring, a divine in the city of New York of much celebrity, has recently published a dissertation on "Native Depravity." He maintains, or rather we should say contends, that *infants* are voluntary, actual sinners—that "every child of Adam is a sinner, and from the moment he becomes a child of Adam. He may not be a sinner in the eye of men, but he is a sinner at heart, and in the sight of God. He sins, not in deed, nor word, but in thought. An infant is not a giant either in form or wickedness; but he is a sinful infant." So far Rev. Dr. Spring.

The Dr. we hope will not object, if we compare his sentiments with the Bible.—What then saith the scripture? Does that precious record of the mind and will of God declare that children are born with evil natures, totally depraved in the sight of God? If so, let the passage be pointed out. Hear what the Psalmist saith: "Lo children are a heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is his reward, exxvii. 3. When Jesus saith, "suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," did he mean they were totally depraved sinners, sinners "in the sight of God," sinners "in thought," "sinful infants"? Are such of the kingdom of heaven? Are the happy subjects of the kingdom of heaven sinners "in the sight of God," and "sinners in thought"? Again, Jesus said to his disciples, Matt. xviii. 3, "Except ye be converted, and become like little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Are we to understand Jesus here as saying, except ye be converted and become like little children, i. e. totally depraved, "sinners at heart," "sinners in the sight of God," "sinners in thought," ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven? Now here we are driven to the alternative, to say either that this is the meaning of this passage of Scripture, or else that Dr. Spring, in regard to the doctrine of infant sinfulness, is a gross error. Reader, you may rest satisfied, that the Bible is right, and the Dr. is wrong.

The Dr.'s theology brings to mind the following paragraph, copied from a Liverpool paper, and which has gone the rounds in this country.—*Trumpet*.

"A lady observing a little girl apparently lost in the street, accosted her with the question of 'whose child are you?' 'Child of wrath, ma'am' cried the little urchin, dropping a curtsy, as if addressing the parson. The lady resumed, and said, 'where were you born?' 'Born in sin, ma'am,' persevered the diminutive theologian."

Prescription for Early Rising.—Frederick the great of Prussia was originally fond of his bed. "His first care," says his biographer, "was to ensure his early rising, for he knew full well, that without that habit, much business could not be gone through in the course of the day. He therefore ordered his servants to wake him at 3 o'clock at which hour he intended to leave his bed. They did so; but Frederick was naturally inclined to sleep, and therefore he always begged for a little more time, which it may be easily supposed he obtained without difficulty; and thus, instead of four he usually rose at six. In vain he scolded and commanded, for the next morning always found him entreating for more sleep; and where were the attendants that could resist the request of a despotic monarch? Finally, determined to vanquish himself and his nature, he commanded the person who called him, under pain of being made a common soldier for life every morning to put upon his face a towel dipped in cold water. By this violent measure he conquered his natural somnolency, and continued to rise at 4 o'clock till an advanced period of life.

INTERESTING.

LIFE OF MURRAY, with Notes, Appendix, Index and Portrait.

MARSH, CAFEY & LYON publish in a few days a new and improved edition of the Life of Rev. JOHN MURRAY. This edition will contain more improvements than any other now published, and it will be sold at a less price.

The publishers, it will be recollected, stereotyped this work a few months since, and made it the first volume of the UNIVERSALIST LIBRARY, and they are compelled to adopt this course, with a view to self-protection, as another edition without any good reason, has been thrown into the market by Thomas Whittemore.

It must be distinctly understood, that this course is not pursued to any profit, for it yields none; but simply with the intention of opposing the injustice of another.

Had the work really needed any improvement, it would have afforded some evidence of a Christian spirit to have suggested it to the publishers; but this was not done.

The Editor of the "Trumpet" speaks of reducing the price, &c.; and it is to be presumed, since he prints and publishes for the good of the cause, he will rejoice in a still greater reduction of the price.

Boston, May 1, 1833.

Copartnership Dissolved.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the name of SPRINGER & GARDNER was dissolved by mutual consent on the first day of March last. All persons having unsettled accounts with said firm are requested to call on S. SPRINGER and adjust the same.

SAMUEL SPRINGER,
CHAS. F. GARDNER.

Gardner, April 25, 1833.

To the Hon. County Commissioners within and for the County of Kennebec.

RESPECTFULLY represent, the undersigned citizens of said County, that a new public highway, or an alteration of the existing highway in the town of Gardiner, is much wanted, and would essentially promote the public convenience and necessity, to be located as follows, viz—Beginning on the North shore of the Collobessee Centre stream, at the junction with Kennebec river, and running to the head of long wharf across the mouth of said stream, thence across said wharf, or so far that it may be joined by the continuation of the public highway leading from the Church to the head of said wharf, and said last mentioned highway to be so continued;—and they further represent that no damages would be occasioned to individuals by the establishment of said highway; and that a foundation having been already laid at private cost, the said road could be made at moderate cost. By this location or alteration, many obstacles now existing to the public travel would be overcome, and numerous advantages will be gained, as will be evident to the honorable Commissioners upon a view of the premises, and the petitioners will undertake to prosecute a hearing for that purpose.

And the subscribers further represent, that the Section of said town of Gardiner, pursuant to the authority in them vested by law, on the fifteenth day of March now last past, duly laid out a town road or highway in said town of the following description, leading from Gardiner's wharf, on the avenue of the boom ground to the County road near Frederick Allen's, viz—Beginning at Gardiner's wharf on the west line of the avenue, and running on said west line of said avenue, north two degrees west, seventy one rods and six inches, to the north line of the boom ground—thence continuing the same course to the County road near Frederick Allen's, which line is considered to be the west line of said road, and to carry the width of three rods,—the water passages in said avenue, to be left of the same width they now are, and bridged over. Laid out also, a passage way on the north side of the Collobessee Centre from the east line of said road to the river four rods wide—and made report of the same to the town at a public meeting of the inhabitants held for that purpose on the eighteenth day of March last past, and by adjournment from said day to the first day of April then next; and the said town unanimously refused to approve and allow the said highway so laid out. Wherefore the undersigned, respectfully pray that the honorable County Commissioners, would locate and establish the highway first above described; or that they would establish the town-way so laid out by the Section as above said, and order the same to be recorded in the town books of said town, and for the allowances of costs incurred by the petitioners, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided. All which they set forth and respectfully pray for, or such part thereof as to the Commissioners shall seem just and reasonable.

(Signed) PETER GRANT & 22 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC, ss.

Court of County Commissioners, April Term, 1833. On the foregoing petition, satisfactory evidence having been received, that the petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, that thirty days previous notice be given, that the County Commissioners will meet at Perkins' Hotel in Gardiner, on Tuesday the twenty-third day of July, 1833, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and thence proceed to view the route mentioned in said petition, and immediately afterwards hear the parties and their witnesses, and then take such further measures in the premises as may be adjudged proper. Said notice to be given by serving an attested copy of said petition, and this order thereon, upon the Clerk of the town of Gardiner, and by posting up such copies in three public places in said town, and by publishing the same in the Christian Intelligence and Gardiner Chronicle, a public newspaper printed in said County, that all persons and corporations interested, may attend and be heard if they think proper.

Attest J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.
A true copy of the petition and order of Court thereon.
Attest J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.

To the County Commissioners of the County of Kennebec at the term of their Court holden on the last Tuesday of December, A. D. 1833.

THE undersigned, inhabitants of the town of Gardiner, represent that within one year last past, viz. on the twenty-fifth day of December instant, an application was made in writing by certain inhabitants of said town, to the Selection Committee, requesting said Committee to locate a town way, beginning at the end of the road leading from the business road near Robert White's and running to the Copen road, so called, thence to the South line of said town to a range way at said South line, in the town of Richmond.

That said Selection have unreasonably refused to lay said road. Wherefore we request, that such proceedings may be had in this Court, as shall establish a town way on the route aforesaid.

(Signed) JAMES MASTON, and 7 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC, ss.

Court of County Commissioners, April Term, 1833. On the foregoing petition, satisfactory evidence having been received, that the petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition; it is Ordered, that thirty days previous notice be given, that the County Commissioners will meet at Randall Robinson's Store in Gardiner on Tuesday the eighteenth day of June 1833, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and thence proceed to view the route mentioned in said petition, and immediately afterwards hear the parties and their witnesses, and then take such further measures in the premises as may be adjudged proper. Said notice to be given by serving an attested copy of said petition and this order thereon, upon the Clerk of the town of Gardiner, and by posting up such copies in three public places in said town, and by publishing the same in the Christian Intelligence and Gardiner Chronicle, a public newspaper printed in said County, that all persons and corporations interested, may attend and be heard if they think proper.

Attest J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.
A true copy of the petition and order of Court thereon.
Attest J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.

To the Court of the County Commissioners for the County of Kennebec to be holden at Augusta on the fourth Tuesday of April, A. D. 1833.

THE undersigned, respectfully represent, that the County road as now laid out and travelled, leading from the store of Joseph Bradstreet, Jr. in Pittston, through Windsor to Belfast, is very irregular, crooked and sinuous in its course from the guide-post near said store, to the Eastern line of Dennis Gould's farm in said Pittston, and that said road might, with very little expense, be made nearly straight; and that the distance between the same in the new proposed line be much curtailed and the road better in every point of view, and far more convenient for the travellers. Your petitioners therefore pray, that you will view the premises, and cause said road to be so altered, laid out anew, or straightened, as shall appear to you reasonable and right, and for the public good.

(Signed) DANIEL SEWALL and 47 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

KENNEBEC, ss.

Court of County Commissioners, April Term, 1833. On the foregoing petition satisfactory evidence having been received, that the petitioners are responsible, and ought to be heard touching the matter set forth in said petition, it is Ordered, that thirty days previous notice be given, that the County Commissioners will meet at Joseph Bradstreet, Jr.'s Store in Pittston on Thursday the fifth day of July 1833, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and thence proceed to view the route mentioned in said petition, and immediately afterwards hear the parties and their witnesses, and then take such further measures in the premises as may be adjudged proper. Said notice to be given by serving an attested copy of said petition and this order thereon, upon the Clerk of the town of Pittston, and by posting up such copies in three public places in said town, and by publishing the same in the Christian Intelligence and Gardiner Chronicle, a public newspaper printed in said County; that all persons and corporations interested may attend and be heard if they think proper.

Attest J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.
A true Copy of the petition and order of Court thereon.
Attest J. A. CHANDLER, Clerk.